

# DRAMA IN THE LOBBY, TOO.

## THE CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE GIVEN OUTSIDE OF THEATRES.

It is a farce-comedy arising out of the attempts of mudheels, Snaps, Sprites, Whitties, and Others to Get In Without Paying and of the Efforts of the Man on the Door to Keep Out the Undesired.

Outside of every theatre in town there is a nightly show quite equal in interest to the performance within. The lobby is the stage, and all who enter there are the players in the drama of real life, while the constantly moving crowd entering or leaving serves for a panorama background. Outwardly these performers are only ordinary men and women, more or less well or ill dressed, more or less noisy or quiet, more or less jovial or ill-tempered, and more or less refined or vulgar; but the "man on the door," the ticket taker, they are the familiar characters in a one-act farce-comedy-tragedy, which begins with the opening of the doors and ends with their closing. He knows them all and has them classified in his mental book, each under his or her own particular heading, for they are to a certain extent dependent upon him for various favors which the theatre may extend to them, and he is to an equal extent responsible for the good order in the lobby.

In one of the up-town playhouses, whose lobby is a favorite resort for all varieties of the genus homo who begin to live with the lighting of the street lamps, there sits a plump middle-aged doorkeeper who has watched this outside show for many years, and who finds it the same whether the performance within be Shakespearean tragedy or a variety show fastened together with strings of dialogue to give it some semblance of right to the title of farce-comedy. Every species is known to this veteran "mudheel," "good things," "snaps," "sprites," "whitties," "willies," "first-nighters," "badgers," "the profesh," and "lobby cranks"; he can tell each at a glance. Indeed, it is part of his business to know them.

At this point the ticket man has decided that they are all right, and that any way he can't afford to be talked to death, so he hands out the tickets, and the pair depart upon their way. On the other hand, if he suspects that they are not the performers, but merely malingering actors, they are gently but firmly turned down. Every doorman knows the good things, and they are the badge of his life. For many cases they are men when policy forbids his turning down a good thing. It happens this way: Jonesmith, a well-to-do man, comes to the door. He is invited a number of his friends to drop in at the box some time during the evening, many more usually than there is room for. Early in the evening the box is filled, and along about 9 o'clock a well-to-do youth appears at the door. "I am going to Mr. Jonesmith's box," he says, and says to the ticket taker: "He said he'd leave some word for me here."

"I suppose," replies the man on the door. "There is no more seating room." But there must be some mistake, protests the young man. Here's his card with him, on it asking me to come. "I don't doubt that it's all right, but there simply isn't any room in here. However, you can go inside if you will."

So the young man goes inside, and shortly thereafter another young man who has also been invited to Mr. Jonesmith's box. The fact is that the doorman has already said to the ticket taker that he had no right to invite. Still these people are not in fault, and the doorkeeper, if he is satisfied that they have been invited, will not turn them away. It is dialogue of this kind that makes the lobby show interesting.

"It was a close game," Fearn says as he tells of it now, "but my pair beat three odd hands." When the Pine Ridge trouble broke out four years ago four troops of the Seventh Cavalry went into the Territory to bring the Indians into subjection. The Ninth Cavalry was sent out. Fearn's troop, with another and Col. Guy V. Henry, then Major, met the Indians near a big basin known as Devil's Bowl.

"It was the hottest fight I was ever in," said Fearn. "We were sitting about on the rocks drinking our coffee, when suddenly from behind us came a charge of bullets. We jumped to the charge, but there was nothing to charge on except rocks. A puff of smoke would float out from behind a rock or tree and that was all. We were not hurt, but we were all on our feet and looking for a log to jump on. We were all on our feet and looking for a log to jump on. We were all on our feet and looking for a log to jump on."

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and they are the only feminine feature of the lobby show. Usually they are non-entities, just in from some show which has "gone bust," or from the road, who having returned to New York and not having a cent, are obliged to spend their time in going from theatre to theatre. They are really legitimate deadbeats, but it is a difficult matter for the ticket man to distinguish between them and the spry who pretend to be in the profession, and a few of them are really in it. They are in pairs—after a few moments' conversation with some of the hangers-on, they expect to be taken to the box, and then to the ticket window and one of them opens the door.

"Good evening. Can we get two seats for tonight?" They are professional. Here are our cards. One with the "Cockroach" and the "Flea" company, struck a foot in Ohio, got to St. Louis over the line, earned money there and then the manager flew the coop with all the stuff, and we are here.

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thing, too. Say, me boy, you know her, hey? Well, she's an interesting character. You see, she's a party good fellow, and I'll just try it for you. Drop in to-morrow and I'll take you behind the scenes."

"Behind the scenes?" Fearn, old chap, be colorfully living here on the ranch of White Wolf, the Kiowa chief, in the far West, and is welcomed wherever there is a company of the Ninth or Seventh regiments of cavalry. He is 30 years old and six feet tall, with huge hands and feet, and a stoop in his broad shoulders that betokens enormous reserve strength. On the stock of his rifle are five notches. Each one records the death of a human being other than an Indian. No one, not even Fearn himself, knows how many Indians he has killed.

Five Notches on the Rifle Stock of Henry Fearn, Late of the Ninth Cavalry.

Four Sides, O. T., Nov. 10.—Henry Fearn, a colored living here on the ranch of White Wolf, the Kiowa chief, in the far West, and is welcomed wherever there is a company of the Ninth or Seventh regiments of cavalry. He is 30 years old and six feet tall, with huge hands and feet, and a stoop in his broad shoulders that betokens enormous reserve strength. On the stock of his rifle are five notches. Each one records the death of a human being other than an Indian. No one, not even Fearn himself, knows how many Indians he has killed.

Known years ago Fearn enlisted in the Ninth Cavalry, a regiment made up wholly of colored men. He was assigned to a company commanded by Capt. Moore. The Ninth Cavalry was then in the Southwest. Times were hot, and the Indians gave the regiment plenty to do. Fearn speedily got a reputation as a reckless, fearless soldier. He was the best shot among the men. One day, at a certain point, a lively campaign, word reached the Ninth Cavalry that the paymaster was on his way to join them, and was waiting eight miles away for an escort. A non-commissioned officer and three privates were detailed to go to the paymaster and guard him on his ride to the regiment. Fearn was one of the men selected.

On the way, the paymaster was placed in charge of the detachment. The other privates were close friends of the sergeant. As the four men rode out of the post Fearn dropped to the rear. "Hide up," commanded the sergeant. "This will be a hard ride for us all, and a last one for you, perhaps," he muttered in an undertone.

"Last how?" asked Fearn.

"Wait and see," was the reply.

So the men rode along. Fearn hung back or rode out on the side, where he could watch the three men. His carbine lay across his saddle bow. The battle of his big cavalry rifle in his hands as he held the reins. Fearn understood that a relaxation of vigilance meant death. When the watering creek was reached the men dismounted in silence.

"Ride on, Fearn; we will catch you," said one of the men.

Fearn said nothing, and finally the men rode on together. As they neared the station where the paymaster awaited them, one of the men turned suddenly on Fearn and raised his pistol.

Each grasping a pistol, and when he ceased firing three riders rode followed him into the station, where he met the paymaster alone.

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A GLIMPSE OF SEOUL.  
Many Hundreds of Lowly Cottages and Only Three Streets in the City.

A considerable part of Seoul, the capital of Corea, is seen in this picture. The place is not imposing in appearance, as the picture plainly shows. Seoul contains nearly as many people as Buffalo does, but most of them huddle together in one-story, mud-roofed houses. Unpleasant to the eye.



SEOUL.

ally the business of the family is carried on in a part of the structure, so that very narrow quarters are reserved for the living rooms. It would puzzle any one who sees this picture to make out a street in

THE TOWN OF CHEMULPO.  
A Port-Where Vessels May Enter Sticks in the Mud Then Ride at Anchor.

This is the town of Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, Corea, where the larger part of the Japanese forces have been landed during the war. Some of the European buildings are seen in the distance.



CHEMULPO.

ance, and the structures in the foreground are excellent types of the Korean dwelling houses. Chemulpo harbor has the peculiarity of a port on the west coast of the peninsula. The tide rushes in with great power and out

CHINESE MAN AND WOMAN.  
There is Little Variety and Pleasure in the Life of the Fair Sex.

Here are a well-to-do Chinese couple, who were caught by the camera just as the gentleman was about to pick up a spot of tea. The lady's little feet, deformed in accordance with China's peculiar custom, show



THE BETTER CLASS OF CHINESE.

that it was never expected she would have to do for a living like the women of the peasant class, who, if they lead lives of monotonous toil, are at least exempted from the torture that cripples many of their sisters for life. It is an interesting fact that the Imperial Court, with all of the Manchurian dignitaries who fill many of

A BIT OF SHANGHAI.  
The Native Market in this Most European of Chinese Cities.

Here is the native market in Shanghai where the Chinese meet to congregate to buy and sell things to eat. The market is, perhaps, as characteristic of Chinese as anything in Shanghai, which, with its big American and English settlements, is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world.



MARKET IN SHANGHAI.

ments, and the French concession, has a great deal to remind the stranger of things he sees in the western world. Shanghai handles more import trade than all the rest of the treaty ports put together, and a third of the entire export business is controlled by her merchants. It is no wonder, then, that Shanghai appears at first to be a magnificent city, but its magnificence is only skin deep, so to speak.

It. In fact there are only three streets in Seoul that are worthy of the name. For the most part the houses are separated from one another merely by the narrowest of lanes and crooked alleys. The public buildings are cheap and mean in appearance. Corea has been notorious for the looting properties of its office-holding class, and after their pockets are filled there is not much left with which to build substantial public buildings.

There are, however, few spots that are richer in scenic attractions. Around the city is a belt of low hills, and the city is built on a plain. The hills are covered with trees, and the city is built on a plain. The hills are covered with trees, and the city is built on a plain.



SEOUL.

grand amphitheatre of the granite hills, over whose precipitous ridges climb the city wall. In the distance are the sentinel peaks of Nam San, where are the beacon towers from which burning signals flash messages to other mountain tops that send them on again until they reach the furthest parts of the kingdom.

again almost as vigorously. Hundreds of boats that dance on the flood when the tide is in are stuck in the mud when it is out. In pictures of the debarment of the Japanese troops the transports are seen far out from the land, while the soldiers are pouring over the sides into small boats.

A harbor that offers good anchorage ground for the fleet of three miles from the shore is not exactly a desirable feature. The harbor of Chemulpo. People who are interested in Corea

commerce have done a good deal of grumbling, for they said the coast abounds in fine harbors, and it would be difficult to pick out a spot more objectionable in respect of convenient anchorage than the place which has come to be regarded as the chief port of Corea.

THE HIGHEST OFFICES IN CHINA, FROM THE PRACTICE OF COMPRESSING THE FEET OF THE WOMEN.

The Manchus do not inflict this treatment upon their women, and when they became the rulers of China they tried to put an end to the practice, but there are still many adherents.

"Speaking of snakes," said a snubbed man yesterday, "there are more of them than the square feet of the land. I have seen a snake in a man's hat, and a snake in a woman's hair. I have seen a snake in a man's hat, and a snake in a woman's hair. I have seen a snake in a man's hat, and a snake in a woman's hair."

There isn't any use in keeping an eye out for snakes, for they are everywhere. They are in the grass, in the trees, in the water, in the air. They are everywhere. They are in the grass, in the trees, in the water, in the air. They are everywhere.

One day a nigger who